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AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes items like Flour, Corn, and various oils.

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The Muse.

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

Within this lowly grave a conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not.
Nor reads the conqueror's name but shies
At the emblem of a name that never dies.

Try and amass in a gaudy show,
Twined with the laurels of the imperial leaf.
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,

Is given here, and wild flowers, rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violet of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here in the quiet earth they laid apart
No man of iron mould and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart;

But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentle in soul and kind,
Of gentle womanhood,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame;

One in whose eye the smile of kindness shone,
Tis here, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
Yet at the thought of other's pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand which moulders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,
And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Cavaliers on clouded steeds the rainy dawn

Gray caplans leading bands of veteran men,
And fiery youth, to be the victors' feast;
Nor thus was waged the mighty war that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave.

Alone her life was wrought,
Alone the battle fought,
Through that low strife her constant hope was staid
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they wore,
And when the lowering frown was tamed, and look
Meekly her gentle rule, and frowned no more.

Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke the truce of tears,
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the net of passion from her path.

By that victorious hand despair was slain,
With love she vanquished hate, and overcame
Evil with good, in her great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
Glorious that with the feeling season dies;
But when she dwelt in the earthly state,
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes.

How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung!
And he who, long before,
Pain, sorrow and sorrow bore,

The Mighty Sufferer with sweetest
Smiled on the timid stranger from His seat;
He, who, returning from the grave,
Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a cowering slave.

So, as I linger here, the sun grows low;
God is as murmuring that the night is near.
Oh, gentle sleeper, rest, and dream no more.
Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in fear.

Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare season begun;
Yet all may win the triumph that hath won
Still flows the fountain whose waters strengthen thee;

The victor's name is yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll, the glorious memory
That ministered to thee, is open still.

There was an angry frown on the countenance
Of Deacon Jones Browning. There were tears
on the sad face of his wife.

"He shall be sent to sea!" said Deacon Browning,
sternly.

There was a pleading look in the eyes of Mrs. Browning, as she lifted them to the iron face of her husband. But no words passed her lips.

"He shall be sent to sea! It is my last hope!"

"Philip is very young, Jonas," said Mrs. Browning.

"Not too young for evil, and therefore, not too young for the discipline needed to eradicate evil. He shall go to sea! Captain Ellis sails in the Fanny Williams on next Monday. I will call upon him this day."

"Isn't the Fanny Williams a whaler?" the lips of Mrs. Browning quivered and her voice had a choking sound.

"Yes," was firmly answered.

"I wouldn't send him away in a whaler, Jonas. Remember he is very young, but thirteen until next April."

"Young or old, Mary, he's got to go," said the stern deacon, who was a believer in the gospel of the law. He was no weak advocate of moral suasion, as it is familiarly termed; he went in for law, and was a strict constructionist. Impiety and disobedience was the statute for home, and all deviations therefrom met the never witholding penalty.

Mrs. Browning entered into no argument with her husband, for she knew it would be useless. She had never changed his purposes by argument in her life. And so she bent her eyes meekly to the floor again, while the tears crept over her face, and fell in large drops upon the carpet. Deacon Browning saw the tears, but they did not move him. He was tear-proof.

Philip, the offending member of the Browning family, was a bright, active, restless boy, who from the start had been a rebel against unreasoned authority, and, as a matter of course, not unfrequently against authority both just and reasonable. Punishment had only hardened him; increasing instead of diminishing his powers of endurance. The particular offence for which he was now in disgrace, was, it must be owned, rather a serious one. He had, in company, with three other boys of his age, known as the greatest reprobates in the village, raided a choice plum tree, belonging to a neighbor, of all the fruit it contained, and then killed a favorite dog, the apple to which he had been so fond of. The neighbor had complained to Deacon Browning, accompanying his complaint with a threat to have Philip arrested for stealing.

the great school of reform; and when a boy was deemed incorrigible, he was sent off to sea, usually to have his evil inclinations hardened into permanent qualities.

When Deacon Browning met his son Philip, after receiving intelligence of his great offence, it was with stern, angry repulsion. He did not see the look of appeal, the sign of repentance, the plea for mercy, that was in his fearful eye. A single word of kindness would have broken up the great deep of the boy's heart, and impelled by the warmer impulses from his mother, he would have flung himself, weeping, into his father's arms. But Deacon Browning had separated duty from kindness. The one was a stern corrector of evil, the other a smiling approver of good.

From his home to the wharf, where the Fanny Williams lay, all equipped for sea, Deacon Browning bent his steps. Capt. Ellis, a rough, hard man, was on board. After listening to the father's story and request, he said, bluntly,

"If you put your boy on board the Fanny Williams, he'll have to bend or break, that's certain. Take my advice, and give the matter a second thought. He'll have a dog's life of it in a whaler. It's my opinion that your lad hasn't stuff enough in him for this experiment."

"I'll risk it," replied the deacon. "He's got too much stuff in him to stay at home, that's the trouble. The bend or break system is the only one in which I have any faith."

"As you like, deacon. I want another boy, and yours will answer, I guess."

"When do you sail?" was inquired.

"On Monday."

"Very well. I'll bring the boy down to-morrow."

The thing was settled, but the deacon did not feel altogether comfortable in mind. Philip was young for such an experiment, as the mother had urged. And now, very opportunely, a leaf in the book of his memory was turned, on which was written the story of a poor boy's wrongs and sufferings at sea. Many years before, his heart had grown sick over the record. He tried to look away from the page, but could not. It seemed to hold his eyes by a kind of fascination.

Still he did not relent. Duty required him to go steadily forward and execute his purpose. There was no other hope for the boy.

"Philip!" it was thus that he announced his determination; "I am going to send you to sea with Captain Ellis. It's my last hope. Steadily bent, as you are, on evil, I can no longer suffer you to remain at home. The boy who begins with robbing his neighbor's garden, is in danger of ending his career on the gallows. To save you, if possible, from a fate like this, I now send you to sea."

Very sternly, very harshly, almost angrily, was this said. Not the smallest impression did it seem to make upon the boy, who stood with his eyes cast down, an image of stubborn self-will and persistent rebellion.

With still sharper denunciation did the father speak, striving in this way to shock the feelings of his child, and extort signs of penitence. But it was the hammer and the anvil—blow and rebound.

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family sitting room, and, almost involuntarily, opened the large family Bible. His feelings were much softened towards his boy, who, with his head bowed upon his breast, sat a little apart from his mother. The attitude was not so much indicative of stubborn self-will, as suffering.

Deacon Browning thought he would read a chapter aloud, and so he drew the holy book closer, and bent his face down over it. Mrs. Browning observing the movement, waited for him to begin. The deacon cleared his throat twice. But his voice did not take up the words, that were in his eyes and in his heart. How could they?

"As a father pitieth his children—"

Had there been divine pity in the heart of Deacon Browning for his rebellious and unhappy boy? Nay—had there not been wrath instead?

"As a father pitieth his children—"

From a hundred places in the mind of Deacon Browning there seemed to come an echo of these words, and they had a meaning in them, never perceived before. He closed the book and remained in deep thought for many minutes; and not only in deep thought, but in a stern conflict with himself. Kindness was striving to gain the place by the side of Duty; and cold, hard, imperious Duty, who had so long ruled without a rival in the mind of Deacon Browning, kept all the while averting his countenance from that of his twin sister, who had been so long an exile wanderer. At last she was successful. The stern brother yielded, and clasped his bosom the sister who sought his love.

From that instant, new thoughts, new views, new purposes ruled the mind of Deacon Browning. The discipline of a whaler was too hard and cruel for his boy, young in years, and by no means as hardened in iniquity as he had permitted himself to imagine. A cold shiver ran along his nerves at the very thought of doing what a few hours before, he had so resolutely intended. Kindness began whispering in the ears of Duty, and crowding them with a world of new suggestions. The heart of the stern man was softened; and there flowed into it something of a mother's yearning tenderness. Rising up, at length, Deacon Browning said, in a low voice, so new in its tones to the ears of Philip, that it made his young heart leap.

"My son, I wish to see you alone."

The deacon went into the next room, and Philip followed him. The deacon sat down, and Philip stood before him.

"Philip, my son," from the old red man's voice came a tone of tenderness, a tone of love, that Philip had never before felt. He looked at his father, and his eyes were filled with tears.

"Philip, I am going to send you to sea with Captain Ellis. It's my last hope. Steadily bent, as you are, on evil, I can no longer suffer you to remain at home. The boy who begins with robbing his neighbor's garden, is in danger of ending his career on the gallows. To save you, if possible, from a fate like this, I now send you to sea."

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There are long in the corner where we grasped a coal and "blowing for a little life" lighted our first candle; there is a shawl, wherever we draw forth the glowing embers in which we saw our first fancies and dreamed our first dreams—the shawl which we stirred the sleepy logs till the sparks rushed up the chimney as if a force were in full blast below, and wished we had so many lambs, or so many marbles, or so many things that we coveted; and so it was we wished our first wish.

There is a chair—a low rush-bottom chair; there is a little wheel in the corner, a big wheel in the garret, a loom in the chamber. There are chests full of linen and yarn, and quilts of rare patterns, and samplers in frames.

And everywhere and always the dear old wrinkled face of her whose firm elastic step mocks the feeble saunter of her children's children—the old-fashioned grandmother of twenty years ago. She the very Providence of the old homestead—she who loved us all and said she wished there was more of us to love, and took all the school in the hollow for grandchildren beside. A great expansive heart was hers beneath that woolen gown or that more stately bombazine or that sole heirloom of silken texture.

We can see her to-day—those mild blue eyes, with more of beauty in them than time could touch or death do more than hide—those eyes that held down smiles and tears within the faintest call of every one of us, and soft reproach, that seemed not passion but regret. A white tress has escaped from beneath her snowy cap; she has just restored a wandering lamb to its mother; she lengthened the tether of a vine that was straying over a window, as she came in, and plucked a four-leafed clover for Ellen. She sits down by the little wheel—a tress is running through her fingers from the distaff's dishevelled head, when a small voice cries "Grandma," from the old red cradle, and "Grandma," Tommy shouts from the top of the stairs. Gently she lets go the thread, for her patience is almost as beautiful as her charity, and she touches the little red bark in a moment till the young voyager is in a dream again, and then directs Tommy's unavailing attempts to harness the cat. The tick of the clock runs faint and low, and she opens the mysterious door, and proceeds to wind it up. We are all on tip-toe and we begin in a breath to be lifted up by one, and look in the hundredth time upon the tin cases of the weights, and the poor little pendulum, which goes to and fro by its little dim window, and never comes out in the world, and our petitions are all granted and we are lifted up, and we all touch with a finger the wonderful weights, and the music of the little wheel is resumed.

Was Mary to be married, or Jane to be wrapped in a shroud? So meekly did she fold the white hands of the one upon her still bosom, that there seemed to be a prayer in them there, and so sweetly did she wreath the white rose in the hair of the other, that one would not have wondered had more roses budded for company.

How she stood between us and apprehended harm! how the rudest of us softened beneath that gentle pressure of her faded and tremulous hand! From her capacious pocket that hand was ever withdrawn closely only to be opened in our own with the nuts she had gathered, the berries she had plucked, the little egg she had found, the "turn over" she had baked, the trinket she had purchased for us as the product of her spinning, the blessing she had stored for us—the offspring of her heart.

What treasures of story fell from those old lips of good fairies and evil, of the old times when she was a girl; and we wondered if ever—but then she couldn't be handsomer or dearer—but that she ever was "little." And then when we begged her to sing "sing us one of the old songs you used to sing mother, grandma."

"Children! can't sing," she always said; and mother used to lay her knitting softly down, and the kitten stopped playing with the yarn on the floor, and the clock ticked lower in the corner, and the fire died down to a glow like an old heart that is neither chilled or dead, and grandmother sang. To be sure it wouldn't do for the parlor and the concert-room now-a-days; but then it was the old kitchen, and the old-fashioned grandmother, and the old ballad, in the dear old times, and we can hardly see to write for the memory of them, though it is a hand's breadth to the sunset.

Well, she sang. Her voice was feeble and wavering, like a fountain just ready to fall, but then how sweet-toned it was; and it couldn't grow sweeter. What "joy of grief" it was to sit there around the fire, all of us except Jane, that clasped a prayer to her bosom, and her we thought we saw, when the hall-door was opened a moment by the wind but then we were not to sit there around the fire, and weep over the loss of the "Babes in the Woods" who lay down side by side in the great solemn shadows; and how strangely glad we felt when the robin red-breast covered them with leaves; and last of all when the angels took them out of the night into day-everlasting.

We may think what we will of it now, but the song and the story heard around the kitchen fire have colored the thoughts and lives of most of us: have given us the germs of whatever poetry blossoms our hearts; whatever memory blooms in our yesterdays. Attribute whatever we may to the school and the schoolmaster, the rays which make that little day we call life, radiate from the God-swept circle of the hearth stone.

Then she sings an old lullaby she sang to mother—her mother sang it to her; but she does not sing it through, and falters ere 'tis done. She rests her head upon her hands and it is silent in the old kitchen. Something glitters down between her fingers and the frelight, and it looks like rain in the soft sunshine. The old grandmother is thinking when she first heard that song and of the voice that sang it; when a light haired and light-hearted girl she hung around the mother's chair, nor saw the shadows of the years to come. Of the days that are now no more? What spell can we weave to bring them back again? What words can we use, what words do we need to set back just this once the ancient clock of time?

So all our little hands were forever clinging to her garment and staying her as if from dying, for long ago she had done living for herself and lived alone in us. But the old kitchen wants a presence to-day, and the rush-bottom chair is tenantless.

How she used to welcome us when we were grown, and came back once more to the old homestead.

We thought we were men and women but were children then. The old-fashioned grandmother was blind in the eyes, but she saw with her heart as she always did. We threw our long shadows through the open door and she felt them as they fell over her form and she looked dimly up and saw tall shapes in the door-way, and she says, "Edward I know, and Lucy's voice I can hear, but whose is that other? It must be Jane's!"—for she had almost forgotten the folded hands.

"Oh, no, not Jane, for she—let me see—she is waiting for me, isn't she?" and the old grandmother wandered and wept.

"It is another daughter, grandmother, that Edward has brought," says some one, "for your blessing."

"Has she blue eyes, my son? put her hand in mine, for she is my latest born, the child of my mine. Shall I sing you a song children?" Her hand is in her pocket as of old; she is idly fumbling for a toy as a welcome gift to the children that have come again.

One of us, men as we thought we were, is weeping; she hears the half-suppressed sob; she says as she extends her feeble hand, "Here, my poor child, rest upon your grandmother's shoulder; she will protect you from all harm. Come children sit around the fire again. Shall I sing you a song or tell you a story? Stir the fire, for it is cold; the nights are growing colder."

The clock in the corner struck nine, the bed-time of those old days. The song of life was ended, the story told; it was bedtime at last. Good night to thee, grandmother. The old-fashioned grandmother was no more, and we miss her forever. But we will set up a tablet in the midst of the memory, in the midst of the heart, and write on it only this:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
OLD-FASHIONED GRANDMOTHER.
GOD BLESS HER FOREVER.

THE GREAT EASTERN EXCURSION ROUTES.

The arrangements which have been planned and which will probably be carried into effect, for issuing tourist tickets from England to this country, and contrariwise, from this country to Europe, by the steamship Great Eastern, have been published in full in the Liverpool and London papers. The recent pressure upon our columns has prevented us from earlier giving the details of this arrangement to our readers. As the excursion, however, is not to come off until next summer, we are in season to render the information available to persons who wish to join either of these grand and novel pleasure expeditions. It will be seen that the route over this continent has been chosen to embrace the most attractive scenery, important cities, and finest agricultural regions of both Canada and the United States. The intelligent tourist from abroad will thus be afforded an opportunity of widely observing the wonderful extent, resources and activity of the new world which he enters.

ROUTE OF THE EXCURSION THROUGH AMERICA.

The grandest pleasure excursion of modern times has been planned for the passengers by the Great Eastern, which is to visit America about the first of April next. This levitation of the deep, it will be remembered, is nearly an eighth of a mile long—of 10,400 horse power—22,000 tons burden, and will carry 4,000 troops.

In this excursion, however, she will take only about 1,500 passengers. She is expected to make the passage to Portland, in seven or eight days; but she will not make the voyage of the Atlantic until an experimental trip to Lisbon or Gibraltar, or possibly to the Western Islands, has put her to the test. It is understood that a number of eminent scientific men will join this experimental trip, and report their impressions. The tourist ticket of the Great Eastern, which are put at \$55, will include the passage to and from London to Portland, with first class accommodations, and the Rail Road fares through Canada and the United States by the following routes:

The passengers having reached Portland, will proceed northward to Quebec by the Grand Trunk Rail Road, a distance of 316 miles, where they will have opportunity to inspect that "quaint old city," with its fortifications and citadel, and the various objects of interest in that vicinity, together with the beautiful scenery of the St. Lawrence.

From Quebec the tourists proceed to Montreal by the Grand Trunk Railway—a distance of 168 miles. Here, in addition to the attractions of the city, they will have opportunity to inspect that grandest work of viaduct architecture, the Victoria Bridge, which is in process of construction across the St. Lawrence at that point. It is a prodigious work, and besides the huge piles of masonry, has the same amount of iron employed in its construction as the Great Eastern—10,000 tons.

Passing West by the same Railway, which skirts the St. Lawrence and in view of its grand and beautiful scenery, they next visit Kingston, and thence along the North shore of Lake Ontario by the Bay of Quinte, to Toronto, the flourishing capital of the Province, making a distance of 316 miles from Montreal.

They then proceed West 180 miles by the Great Western Road to Windsor, opposite Detroit, taking Hamilton—one of the most picturesque towns in the country—in the route.

From Detroit a journey of 286 miles by the Michigan Central Railway brings the tourists to Chicago—the most remarkable city for rapid development and substantial growth of modern times, containing a population of 110,000, rivaling New York in the style of its architecture, and constituting the nucleus of about twenty railroads.

The route then lies to the south; proceeding by the Illinois Central Railroad 283 miles, they arrive at St. Louis, the commercial emporium of the great southwest, with a population of 130,000. Leaving St. Louis, they proceed by the Ohio and Mississippi Railway 339 miles, to Cincinnati, Ohio, the fourth largest city of the United States, now numbering 200,000 inhabitants. Thence by the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad, they pass through the capital of the State to the beautiful city of Cleveland, on Lake Erie, making the distance, 259 miles, in nine hours. From Cleveland they make their way to Buffalo by the Lake Shore road; thence, having viewed that fine city, they will take passage by the New York Central, or Erie and Ontario Railroad, on the Canada shore, for Niagara Falls—that great wonder of nature, and the Suspension Bridge, that almost equally remarkable wonder of art.

From Niagara Falls they pass along the route of the New York Central Railroad, through Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Schenectady, &c., to Albany, 298 miles, and thence by the Hudson River Railroad, 152 miles, to our great commercial emporium, New York. Having seen all its "hills," they return to Portland by the New Haven and other railroads, taking New Haven, Hartford, and Boston, "the city of notches," and other lesser cities on the route—a distance of 340 miles. The whole length of the railroad tour will be 3,210 miles, and of the entire journey from London and back, 9,000 miles.

ROUTE OF THE EXCURSION THROUGH EUROPE.

The programme for the excursion tickets for passengers from America is stated as follows: Tickets, both single and return, are to be issued at New York, Boston, Portland, Manchester, Toronto, and Montreal, for Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Paris, Brussels, &c., and will be available from any of these American cities, by rail, to Portland; thence by the "Great Eastern" to her British port (Holyhead), and from thence to the lakes of Killarney and the Giant's Causeway.

Quitting Ireland by the line of steamers from Belfast to Glasgow, the holder of the tourist ticket will be taken through the picturesque scenery of the Highlands of Scotland; thence to Edinburgh.

On his departure from the Land of Cakes, he will reach London, and from there his route will be to the Continent.

by via Falmouth and Boulogne, to Paris; thence to Geneva. From that city he will be conveyed along the great arterial highways of Switzerland, by rail and steamboat when there are available, and when they are not, by the admirable system of post carriages which ramify through every part of the country. He will thus be brought to all the points nearest to the grandest scenery, whence he can make pedestrian excursions and revert again, at his option, to the route of his ticket.

Arrived at Basle,